

# 1874. Fall & Winter 1875.

## CAMPAIGN.

**H. MORRIS & BROTHER**  
In the field again and ready for action.

Great attractions at the Popular Establishment of H. Morris & Bro.

We again take pleasure in announcing to our friends and public generally, that we have now in store one of the largest, most complete, and best assortment of Goods, ever offered to the citizens of Edgecombe and adjoining counties. Our stock consists of a full line of

## Men's, Youths' & Boy's Clothing

### Of Every Description.

Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, &c., &c.

all of which we will offer at prices that will suit everybody. We believe in quick sales and small profits, and will guarantee a saving of at least 10 PER CENT. by purchasing goods of us.

## Merchant Tailoring

in all its branches. We make Clothing to order, and guarantee a perfect fit. A full line of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND SUITINGS,  
Constantly on Hand.

CLOTHING AND PATTERNS CUT AT SHORT NOTICE.

Come one, come all to the popular store of

**H. Morris & Bro.**

Nov. 27th, 1874.

## LAST DAYS OF 1874.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO THE WIDE-AWAKE PUBLIC!

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

Extraordinary! Extraordinary! Extraordinary!

CHEAP FOR LIGHTNING CASH!

New Calicoes, New Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes,

Notions, Hats, Crockery, China, Buckwheat Flour,

Patapasco Flour, Gilt Edge Butter, Cream Cheese,

COFFEE, SUGAR, N. O. MOLASSES, TRAIN AND MACHINE

Oils, Linseed Oil \$1 per gallon, Best White

Kerosene 20c., Homelight Oil,

Gents', Ladies' and Children's Cat, Goat, Kid and Lamb

ing Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.

The Newest the Best and the Cheapest

OF GOODS.

Give Us a Call.

**PENDER & JENKINS.**

Nov. 27th, 1874.

## EDGECOMBE AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

TARBORO', N. C.

Manufacturers of Wagons, Carts, Plows, Gin

and Mill Gearing, and Agricultural Im-

plements generally.

We keep on hand a very large stock of Seasoned Wagon and Cart

Materials, and are prepared to furnish on short notice any vehicle in

this line from a light horse wagon to the heaviest carts and wagons

for Saw Mills. We make the

## EIGHT FOOT GIN GEARING,

In the best style; have never heard a complaint of one of our Ho-

powers. We furnish a full set of Bolts with these powers. Price \$55.00

complete. Beside several varieties of Turning Plows we make a speci-

ality of the

## "EDGECOMBE COTTON PLOW,"

which we believe has met with more general favor than any Cotton plow

ever made. These plows are now made after two patterns, one intended

especially for use in hard and stiff land.

These Goods are all Warranted.

**H. A. WALKER,**

Nov. 6-17.

## Southern-Enquirer.

Friday, : : January 15, 1875

[From the South.]

At Stonewall Jackson's Grave.

BY OTTOMAR H. ROTHACKER.

The clash of arms and sound of strife have

died.

From rock and dell;

By winding, Ave. and in verdant plains

The dead sleep well.

The blue and gray rest calmly side by side,

Beneath the sod.

The foes in life stand humbly to be judged

Before one God.

The glamour of the cruel dream is gone—

Forever gone;

And in its stead doth gleam the cold, gray

light.

Of morning dawn:

A dawn whose dreary glimmer dimly shows

A troubled land;

A sooty chastened people crouched beneath

An iron hand.

Is red above thy grave with reverent knee.

Oh, he who lies

A nation of that wold dream of which

thou wert

The noblest part.

Amid the shadowy phantoms of the past,

Its we and grief,

Thou standest forth the noblest of the mail,

In bold relief.

A stern Colossus, on whose rugged brow

The gods defend

The grandeur of an honest heart that beats

For all mankind.

I bring no tribute words; no laurel wreath

To deck thy head.

There is no crown that is not now thy

meed.

No praise unsaid.

I only read again, with faltering tongue

And callow art,

The deep, warm love that holds thy mem-

ory dear

In every heart.

Thou wert not sent on earth to live thine

hour

And pass away,

But to teach struggling human kind that

we

Are more than clay.

## Shavings.

They take life easy in Mississippi.

Domestic "sausage" is kept in fam-

ily jars.

A friend indeed is one who is not in

need.

Instead of waiting for a chance,

make one.

Better run in old clothes than

run in debt.

A man sticks at nothing when he

tries to stab a ghost.

A Chicago man has invented a

bar-tender's bell-punch.

When it comes to point lace, all

women can see the point.

Speaking of the round world,

much can be said on both sides.

Forty Kentuckians rode two

days to kill a wolf sixty cents.

People who dance never pay the

bill. It is those who get up the

bill.

Now is a good time to buy ther-

mometers. They are lower now

than they have been since last

spring.

A Wisconsin man recently killed

six skunks in one day. After in-

terviewing the first one he became

rockers and so kept on.

A Carlo man warns people not to

trust his wife, and she retorts by

saying that he'll go without clothes

all summer before she'll take in

washing to rig him out again.

The Duluth woman who put the

kerosene can on the stove-hearth

while she went out to trade with a

pedler, is now keeping house in a

born, kindly loaned for the occa-

sion.

An inebriate man, walking along

the street, regarded the moon with

sovereign contempt: "You needn't

feel so proud," he said, "you are

full only once a month and I am

every night."

A Milwaukee man hid in a pub-

lic doorway and jumped out and

kissed his wife. She didn't whoop

and yell, as he expected, but re-

plied: "Don't be so bold, mister—

folks around here now me!"

When a Peoria youth goes to

spark a girl he finds the old lady in

one corner of the room, the old

man in another, and a dog under

the melon, and he is required to

speak up like an orator.

This world would be a handy de-

sert of loneliness if women were

not privileged to attend auction

sales and pay more for an old beau-

reut than a new chamber set would

cost.

A clergyman at Kansas City said

there was any one within hearing

of his voice who would try to put

a stop to Sunday dog fighting he

like to have him rise up. A small boy

and an old woman rose up.

"I can't say as he went to Heav-

en," remarked a Fort Scott citizen

of a deceased townsman, "but he

paid a lot of eleven years' standing

only the day before he died, and

you can judge for yourself.

Benjamin Franklin occasionally

stumbled upon the truth. He said:

"The eyes of other people are the

eyes that ruin us. If all but my-

self were blind, I should never

want a fine house nor fine furni-

ture."

The Manchester, N. H., Mirror

wittily says: "Within a year we

have known an apparently hope-

less case of consumption cured by

an appointment to a probate judge-

ship and we don't know of a disease

which a congressional nomination

would not cure."

## MY DEAF WIFE AND AUNT.

I had an aunt coming to visit me

for the first time since my marriage,

and I don't know what evil genius

prompted the wickedness which I

perpetrated toward my wife and

ancient relation.

"My dear," said I to my wife, on

the day before my aunt's arrival,

"you know Aunt Mary is coming

to-morrow. Well, I forgot to men-

tion a very annoying circumstance

with regard to her; she is very

deaf, and although she can hear

my voice, yet you will be obliged to

speak extremely loud in order to be

heard. It will be rather inconven-

ient but I know you will do every-

thing in your power to make her

visit agreeable." Mrs. Opie en-

ounced her determination to make

herself heard in her power.

I then went to John N., who

loves a joke about as well as any

person I know of, and told him to

be in the house the next evening at

6 p. m., and felt comparatively

happy.

I went to the railroad depot with

a carriage next night, and when I

was on my way home with my aunt

I said, "My dear aunt, there is one

rather annoying infirmity that An-

nie (my wife) has, which I forgot to

mention before. She is very deaf,

and although she can hear my voice,

yet you will be obliged to speak

extremely loud in order to be heard.

I am very sorry for it.

Aunt M., in the goodness of

her heart, protested that she rather

liked speaking loud, and to do so

would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up; on the

steps was my wife; in the window

was John N., with a face as

utterly solemn as if he had buried

his relatives that afternoon. "I

am delighted to see you," shrieked

my wife, and the policeman on the

opposite side of the street was start-

led, and my aunt fell down the

steps.

"Kiss me my dear," bawled my

aunt, and the windows shook as

with fever and rage. I looked at

the window. John had disap-

peared. Human nature could stand it

no longer. I poked my head into

the carriage and went into a strong

convulsion.

When I went into the parlor my

wife was holding Aunt Mary to

take off her hat and cape; and the

sat John with his face buried in his

handkerchief.

"Did you have a pleasant jour-

ney?" suddenly went off my wife

like a pistol, and John nearly jump-

ed to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response,

in a war-whop, and the conversation

continued.

The neighbors, for blocks around,

must have heard it. When I was